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THE NEW YEAR.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told," wrote the psalmist in the fullness of his wisdom.

Another year will be added tonight to the story that is always finished, yet never finished, the story of time. The old year ends, the new year begins. It was an old story when the cliff dwellers began the building of their homes in Arizona and in southern Utah, it was old when Xerxes marched with his armies, it was old when Alexander conquered his little world, when the babe came to the manger in Bethlehem. For aeons and aeons somebody, somewhere in this world has been marking the passing of the old, the coming of the new year.

Yet there is always a certain fascination in the story. The first hour of the new year is very much like the last hour of the old. It contains just sixty minutes, and each of the sixty minutes contains just sixty seconds. There is no convulsion of nature, no upheaval of the solar system, no changing of the seasons. Sixty minutes continue, as always, to make an hour, twenty-four hours to make a day. Still the striking of the clocks at midnight tonight, the ringing of bells, will seem, as always, to mark a definite, tangible change.

Somehow the coming of the new year seems to give to everybody a renewal of hope, a determination to take the fullest advantage of every opportunity for self-improvement. The New Year's resolution is often spoken of jocularly. The paragraphers are fond of telling us that vast quantities of the material that hell is said to be paved with are manufactured on the first of January of each year. We do not regard any good resolution as a joke.

Suppose ninety-nine men out of a hundred do break their good resolutions. Is not the hundredth worth saving? And perhaps some time the men who often try to keep their resolutions, even though they often fail, will be able to win their fight. So we believe in the New Year's resolution. If one is able to keep it only for a few days those few days are worth working for.

Another good thing about the opening of a new year is that it brings us all up to a view of the future. For the time we forget the past with its mistakes, its disappointments, its sorrows; for the time we are able, as Virgil puts it, because we seem to be able. That's a thought that has inspired many a beaten man to keep on fighting, for nobody can win who thinks he is going to lose.

Finally, The Herald, having enjoyed the most prosperous year in its history, and looking forward, with its splendid new equipment to a more prosperous year to come, wishes you all a full measure of happiness and prosperity. May everything worth having be yours; may your joys be many and your sorrows few, your days all sunny, your sikes all blue.

MAYOR MORRIS.

Few men who have ever served the Salt Lake City public in an official capacity have been the subjects of such bitter, unreasonable, malicious and lying attacks as has Mayor Richard P. Morris, whose term has now but a few hours to run. It must be a satisfaction to Mayor Morris to remember the source of these attacks, to remember that the decent people of the city do not endorse them or their source. That Mayor Morris has made mistakes nobody will deny. But any assertion he deserves the malignant criticisms that have been heaped upon him will, we are sure, be vigorously denied by a large majority of Salt Lakers.

Mayor Morris will go out of office, as he went into office, with the respect and the esteem of the community in which he has always made his home. If he has made mistakes they were honest mistakes, and he has made none that could in any way injure this city. Starting with a council that was hostile to him, Mayor Morris, by the exercise of rare tact and diplomacy won a majority of that body to his support and in all important particulars he has won every battle he has been engaged in.

During the administration of Mayor Morris the city has gone forward with public improvements as it has never gone forward. Miles upon miles of sidewalks, street paving and sewers have been constructed, and for the first time an intelligent solution of the water problem has been presented and is being worked out. We were told during the campaign that Mayor Morris is entitled to no credit for all this progress. But doesn't it impress you as rather singular that almost no progress was made under other mayors, and especially under the mayor who succeeds Mr. Morris at noon tomorrow?

Throughout his administration Mayor Morris' first thought has always been for the city. Practically all of his waking time has been devoted to municipal interests, and the results have been apparent from the beginning. They show in the better appearance of the city, in the fact that the money of the taxpayers has been carefully and economically expended, in generally improved public service.

We would not be doing our duty if we failed to call attention to these facts, especially in view of the cruel criticism to which the mayor has been subjected and which he has undergone with such dignity and patience. He leaves public life without regret to resume his private business. That he will be a useful citizen as he was a splendid mayor goes without saying. The Herald wishes him all possible success in whatever he may undertake and wherever he may be.

THE INTERMOUNTAIN WEST.

How has it fared with Utah and the intermountain country during the year that ends at midnight tonight? As the bells ring out the old year what message do they give of things accomplished, of progress measured? "By their deeds shall ye know them," says the world-old injunction. Have we achieved anything worth while during the year that is all but ended? Let the records, set forth in The New Year's Herald today give the answer.

At no period in the history of the west have conditions been so favorable, in no year of our history has more solid, genuine advancement been made. In Utah, in Idaho, in Wyoming we have been blessed as people have rarely been blessed. And especially is this true of Utah. The state has grown in influence, in prestige, in population, in wealth. Our mines have yielded generously of their vast stores, our farms have given forth abundantly of their products, our factories have been busy night and day supplying the demand for their products.

Best of all, there is a feeling in the air that greater things are in store. We have awakened to possibilities undreamed of a few years ago. Fancies have become facts, dreams have been realized. God has given us men. Look upon the work of the Commercial club, the Real Estate association, the Manufacturers & Merchants' association. Compare the present activity of these splendid organizations with the doless, what's-the-use sentiment that prevailed for so many years. The year has demonstrated that Utah can go forward, that it has the material advantages here, that the only reason we have not gone forward before is that we have not taken enough interest in our own state.

Does our prosperity rest upon a sound, substantial basis? Is it a temporary, fleeting, elusive thing that we cannot hope to have with us always? For answer we point to the mineral production, aggregating nearly $30,000,000; we point to the products of our farms, aggregating in value many millions of dollars and showing a heavy increase over last year; we point to the increased trade of our merchants, the activity in real estate, the evidences on every hand of an awakening.

Never did prosperity have a firmer foundation; never was there more abundant justification for the belief that the year that starts at midnight will surpass in everything that is worth while, even the marvelous record of 1905.

RUSSIAN REBELLION CRUSHED.

The new year will open gloomily enough for the Russian insurgents. Their uprising has been quelled, their blows for liberty have been struck in vain. The dispatches say that the country has "quieted down," that the last spark of the recent conflagration has been extinguished. One reason for the quietness is that so many of the people have been killed, so many driven away from their homes. But they will not be quiet long.

They are now like a surly dog that has been lashed into its kennel. As the dog whines and growls and licks its wounds, though outwardly submissive, so the people of Russia are bidding their time. It may be months before another outbreak occurs. If, in the meanwhile, the fair promises of the czar are carried into effect there may not be another uprising. If, though, promises are again broken, pledges left unfulfilled, the next revolution will be better planned and it may succeed.

Butchery of the cold-blooded character that has been practiced in Russia during the last few weeks may subdue a people, but it does not and cannot conquer them. The survivors will only wait for the next opportunity to come, and come in Russia it must. A thoughtful writer said the other day: "Children who are now alive will almost surely see the republic of Russia." This may be too hopeful a prophecy, but it is not entirely without foundation.

Fortunately for him the hierarch was not in the city at the time. Otherwise our morning contemporary might insist that the police should arrest him.

Just about a week from tomorrow, perhaps earlier, Mr. Thompson will begin wishing he hadn't let them persuade him to run for mayor.

Still, there are cities that have at least one policeman to every block or two, and yet murders and robberies occur in them.

Will the gentlemanly criminals kindly resolve tomorrow never to do it again?

You'd better put in a few hours today writing it 1906.

PLAY TITLES ARE ODDITIES

BY FRANKLIN FYLES.

New York, Dec. 29.—Five of the eight new plays that came into New York on Christmas, making that day the busiest of the play-going year, had as odd titles as the most eccentric could wish for. What do you think of "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," "Pantaloon," "The Gingerbread Man," "As Ye Sow, "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary?" The first two were as odd as their names. When you note that they were by James M. Barrie the fact that they were peculiar is not, in itself, peculiar. The English novelist, more or less recently turned dramatist, likes to be surprising and strange, has the wit to accomplish his purpose, and, above all, has made for himself a position that gives managers confidence enough to produce oddities of his that they would hes tate to take from any one else. Add to the Barrie vogue, which is on its top wave just now, the popular love of Barrymore, and you will see that these two plays of the Christmas lot had almost no chance to fail. Three Barrymores and two products of Barrie made a heavily laden Christmas tree from Santa Claus Frohman for the playgoers of New York.

All of the Barrymore-Barrie vogue rolled into one didn't make a nine-strike sort of hit for the short piece of the two. But the so-so acceptance of "Pantaloon" was soon forgotten in the enthusiastic endorsement of the completely successful "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire." In the first play, Lionel Barrymore undertook to do what Henry Irving might have done, and in the second, Ethel Barrymore duplicated the success that Ellen Terry achieved in it in London. And in both, John of the Barrymores added to the general joy, quite on his own account and in his individual way. "Pantaloon" is one of those Barriesque conceits that some folk like hugely, and declare to be "above the heads" of people who don't enthuse over them. It showed Pantaloon of the pantomime, laughless and aging, the forgotten stage favorite in dire distress. Clown wooed his daughter, Columbine, she eloped with Harlequin. In the second part of the piece, Pantaloon is more miserable still, older, and lonely for his daughter, and quite forgotten by the fickle public of the play. But Columbine returns, and with her a baby Pantaloon, who, the grandfather joyfully prophisizes, will "revive the glory of an ancient family."

Some people thought they saw in Arthur Wing Pinero's farce of "A Wife Without a Smile," a slap at Barrie, whose sudden fame in the drama has, with some people, seemed to have eclipsed Pinero's long established leadership in British play-making. His enemies said Pinero was jealous, and even his friends could see in the farce of the smileless wife lines that might apply to the Barrie form of play. A spoke slightingly of the ability necessary to play-building, and a newly popular sort of drama was referred to as "one of those things with neither beginning nor end." If the Pineroites applauded that as an estimate of Barrie, the Barrieites were no less tickled at accepting "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire" as a return dig at Pinero. A young mother of an almost grown daughter returns to England after a long absence, to settle down and "sit by the fire" for the rest of her days. But she finds her little girl so impressed with the illicit love tangles of problem dramas that she longs to live a life long enough to seem to become complicated in about the sort of triangular love affair that are frequent in the plays of Pinero, and thus gives daughter a lesson. All this told in the keen and graceful, if erratic, wit of Barrie, delighted its first audience in New York as completely as it had some hundreds in London.

Ethel Barrymore in a role written for Ellen Terry, who is more than twice as old as the American girl, if still a long way from three times, was a novelty that tickled Broadway. Would the girlish Ethel sacrifice her beauty and youth to "look the part?" To begin with, this Alice's age was about half way between youthful Ethel's and the older Ellen's. She was 37 or so. So no painted wrinkles had to mar the Barrymore face. There appeared to be just a touch of gray in the hair, which may have been histrionic powder, or, as likely, a merely lighter in the place in the generally light brown of the Barrymore tresses. "Our Ethel" had piled her hair up on the top of her head, which, of course, always ages a woman's appearance. And in her ears she wore earrings. Her gowns, too, were of a slightly more matronly style than our 25 years old star wears in her own person. But this Alice, who sat by the fire, wasn't an old or unsightly woman; we should hate our lovely Ethel for it if she tried to make herself such.

Henrietta Crosman will have her cuss word. Without a doubt in her home life this brilliant comedienne is the most mild-mannered and unprofane of women. But she brought her first great success to a head, at the close of the third act of "Mistress Nell," by turning upon her antagonists and crying, as she jumped out of a window, "To hell with all of you!" So she made her new success doubly sure by interpolating a damn in the climatic scene. This "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" is not really a new play at all. Miss Crosman has given up advertising it as such. When she began her tour she announced it, I believe, as a "new play by Eugene Presbrey." Mr. Presbrey has written many, and good ones, but this "Mary" comedy is not his own. The damn and an automobile are about all he has put into the familiar Sardou comedy of "A Scrap of Paper." And, with past record as incriminating evidence, the damn appears to be Miss Crosman's. So that reduces Mr. Presbrey's contribution to the automobile. It is only a reference to one, at that, where the old play used a horse. Perhaps if motors had been in vogue when Sardou wrote the piece even that wouldn't have been left for the American chapter.

Miss Crosman devoted herself to several years in repertory stock companies in Denver and other cities, between the time she was popular as merely one of a company of farceurs and when she returned triumphant as a star in "Mistress Nell." During that time she played many famous roles—Cyprienne in "Divorcons," Nance Oldfield and this heroine of "A Scrap of Paper"—that are associated with actresses of older fame. But knowledge of her success in these parts reached us. So we are glad that "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" is not as new as it sounds. Rose Coghlan held the honors as the greatest of our Suzannes, a role she played with Lester Wallack, until Madge Robertson Kendal came from London to show us a performance quite as good with the name of the spinster changed to Susan Hartley. Jane Hading of Paris brought Susan back to Suzanne again; and since actresses of as many nationalities as talents have played the character here. But Miss Crosman's acting of the role stands well up with the best of them. Her Mary, who declares herself a manhating old maid, sets out to rescue a new-married woman's old love letter from a globe trotting bachelor, and in the doing of it learns to love him herself, acts with just that infectuous combination of sprightly dash and indicated womanly depth that has made Ellen Terry world famous. And Miss Terry herself could not do more than Miss Crosman to illumine the vivacity and joy of this role. It is a delightful comedy, if still slow at the start, and if Miss Crosman prefers to call Suzanne Mary instead of Susan, we don't care any more than that she choose to call "A Scrap of Paper" "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary." The public gain is much in pleasure in seeing Miss Crosman's performance of the role, under any old name she likes.

Santa Claus drove his sleigh right out onto the stage and into the middle of one of the new Christmas night plays. That wasn't a seasonable interpolation, either. If "The Gingerbread Man" is running on the Fourth of July, Santa will drive right into the middle of the perspiring plot just the same, if such a definite place as a middle can be found in so indefinite a place as an extravaganza plot. The scene into which Santa Claus drove jinglingly was where the toys and sweets and gingerbread men are made for good little boys and girls; and it appears to be 'way, 'way up in the skies, above snow-topped mountains and the steepled chimes of churches, and the snug little, warm little homes of sleeping children on Christmas eve. Santa was the usual round, fat, jolly little man, with a great sack of toys and Christmas trees on the back of his sleigh, and twenty-four reindeer drawing it. They must have been cold reindeer, because they didn't have any more clothes on than the law demands. That may not strike you at first as odd for reindeer, even in the midst of such snowiness; but, you see, these jingle-bell animals were twenty-four little maids. Forty-eight legs in thin, silky white tights twinkled and frisked under them, and forty-eight bare arms flitted in fairy gestures. It was a mighty gay and pretty sleigh that old Santa had exchanged for his old-time sedate one; about as much of an improvement as the giddy automobile over the lumbering coach of yesterday—surely faster, if not necessarily quicker.

Santa Claus was not alone in this frisky sleigh of his. By his side rode the Fairy Queen. It seems that old Santa had, some years before, married his co-worker in joy-dispensing. Indeed, behind their sleigh ran their two little boys, about the cussedest mischief makers outside of a comic supplement. They and their mother were much concerned in the plot which ambled through this agreeable maze of song and dance. And if the boys created only a little fun, their mother more than made up with a great deal. You see, this Fairy Queen had held her job a long time, and the strain of continual goodness had told on her beauty. If you have ever seen Ross Snow in female attire, you may know just how little beauty this good queen had left. She wore the conventional ballet skirt, and tight, low-cut bodice of "Black Crook" and earlier days. Her hair was dressed in the modern pompadour style, which, alas! exposed the fact that its blondness was not of nature's. Where the hair was pushed up in the back, and in the front floppy part of the wave, brown dark almost to blackness showed, shading suspiciously into the gold on top. Hardly more artful had the Queen been in making up her face, which had two rosy red spots and was, for the rest, chalky white. But she had her diamond earrings, this one—of the drop sort of 1888.

All that is one side of the spangly pretty and rough-and-tumblingly funny extravaganza that a Massachusetts millionaire spent enough money on to make a handsome sight. The other side is that its young author died while writing it. Perhaps that is why the last quarter of the play fell to pieces so badly that the audience left the theatre not so positive about the play's success as it had been in the intermission between its two acts. Yet it was near the end that something that makes first-nighters "sit up and take notice" occurred. Frankie Bailey—Broadway perpetual joke. Perhaps you don't know Frankie Bailey. There is no especial reason why you should. She was a two-feet-ahead-of-the-chorus girl at Weber & Fields' for years, and was, at first, noticeable only for her shapely figure, which she never hesitated to exhibit in tights. Then Pete Dailey took her up as a joke. Quite half of his "impromptus"—prearranged or otherwise—turned Frankie into ridicule. But she was invariably good natured about it, and gave audiences a feeling of laughing with her about herself instead of at her. Then the joke of letting the statuesque Miss Bailey speak a few lines occurred, and delighted the guying public so that the Frankie Bailey tease became part of a Weberfields good time. There wasn't anything so very funny about it, but New York enjoyed it, and it became a tradition. And on Christmas night, when the snugly uniformed Bailey emerged to say "Look, the soldiers are coming!" the spectators greeted her with applause that might have satisfied Sembrich herself.

A clergyman's picture occupied the same place in a frame of photographs advertising "As Ye Sow" as Frankie Bailey's in the similar illustrations of "The Gingerbread Man." The Rev. John Snyder had written straight at the popular understanding of noble sentiment and domestic love and purity. The scene he took to depict was Cape Cod, and his people the usual rural types. He did it well enough to amuse his audience without surprise until the third act. Then, like Frankie Bailey with her Amazon march, the Rev. Mr. Snyder made folks "sit up and take notice." The tearful heroine, whose luckless tale had been rehearsed during two acts for the sole purpose of wringing forth mild and mellow tears, put in a violent bid for thrills. She had been deserted years before by a cruel husband. The hero of the drama, who was just as noble as his name—that being nothing less euphoneous that John St. John, with a Rev. before and D. D. after—had begged her to marry him. But, though long lost, was her husband necessarily dead? She pondered upon that a long time.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," and there never was more shiny sunshine than shone on Cape Cod when the third act curtain rose on John St. John and Dora Leland's wedding day. But you can't trust weather conditions on the stage. Why, at that very time, up in the "Gingerbread Man" part of Forty-second street, all light went out on the clearest, sunniest day you ever saw, and a new moon moved right across the sky. Helen Bertram was singing very prettily a song about the moon that was prettier still; and prettiest of all was the brightly lighted crescent, on which reclined the gauziest of lovely maids.

But that was Frankie Bailey's show, as per the audience's applause, and not at all like the Rev. John Snyder's. But Cape Cod weather conditions were certainly changeful. The sky was clear as a bride could hope for when the wedding party entered the little church on the shore. But, while the village choir was singing the marriage music from "Lohengrin," a storm came up. It rained; and real water, too. Playgoers will talk a lot about that rainstorm. And then a ship was dashed against the rocks. The Rev. John St. John ran out from the marriage right into the sea. Nobly he rescued a drowning man. And lo and behold, that man was none other than the long-lost husband of his bride—and his own brother into the bargain. What do you think of that for a thrilling climax? And when I tell you that in the last act the wicked brother-husband goes away to Cuba to fight the Spaniards and gets himself conveniently killed, and that all the good people are happy forever after, I am sure you can see why a lot of audiences will like "As Ye Sow" as well as New York's first one did, even though they haven't Christmas cheer all about them and Christmas dinners inside.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

Sunday—One hundredth anniversary of the birth of Joseph Smith, founder of the Mormon church. New York clubman at Los Angeles and six firemen injured. Street car accident at Los Angeles; forty persons injured.

Monday—Russian revolutionists mowed down by machine guns at Moscow. Wreck on the Denver & Rio Grande near Durango, Colo. Christmas observed all over the world. District Attorney Baxter of Nebraska summarily removed by order of President Roosevelt. Three-masted schooner sunk off the coast of Virginia.

Tuesday—General indignation over interference of President Roosevelt in New York politics. Another "revolution" in Santo Domingo. Roosevelt's collectors of customs being left without official standing, owing to the flight of President Morales. Failure of San Francisco broker. New electoral law of Russian promulgated.

Wednesday—Failure of three banks at Memphis, Tenn. Statement of Andrew Hamilton, lobbyist, read by insurance investigating committee. Mormon apostles at Kirkland, O. Sarah Bernhardt's complaint against the so-called theatrical trust. Government weather station wrecked by lightning.

Thursday—More interesting testimony given before the insurance investigating committee. Women plan a coup at the phychological moment in the hearing of the Smoot case. Meeting of railway officials with the interstate commerce commission to discuss plans for stopping the giving of rebates to shippers.

Friday—Indictments returned against the Burlington railroad and two officials for giving rebates. Seattle theatrical man held up by a bold and clever rascal. Russian revolution on its last legs. Failure of Boston stock brokerage firm. McClellan appoints ex-army officer police commissioner of New York. Case of Midshipman Coffin given to the court.

Saturday—Closing session of the legislative committee investigating the great insurance scandal in New York. President Roosevelt writes letter of condolence to prizefighter who suffered defeat.